从吓鸟的假人到最认真的心：读《稻草人》

没读《稻草人》以前，我以为稻草人就是田边一个吓鸟的假人，丑丑的，没什么好看的。读完这本书，我对他的想法全变了。

叶圣陶爷爷笔下的稻草人有鼻子有眼，心比谁都软。他主人是那个老农妇，一个人种一小片田，丈夫和儿子都没了，稻子就是她的命。书里写她跪在田里拜稻子，拜得特别虔诚。蛾子来下子的时候，稻草人急坏了，扇子摇得哗哗响。他以为扇子能赶走蛾子，其实蛾子根本不怕他。这一段我读了两遍。他连自己吓不了蛾子都不知道，还在拼命摇。

最让我难受的是稻田里那一夜。子孵出虫子，把稻叶吃得稀烂，老农妇第二天来看见，瘫坐在田埂上。稻草人比她还难受，书上说他恨不得把自己连根拔起来，让虫子去吃稻草，别吃稻子。一捆稻草，居然心疼人疼到这个地步。

书里还有一段我特别喜欢，也特别心酸。稻草人幻想自己变成一个人，跑到城里去，什么都能做。可他马上又醒了，说他要是走了，田里的稻子就没人管了。他就这样一边想一边守着，一夜也没有离开。我觉得这比真跑出去还难。

读这本书的时候是九月，我们村口正好有一片稻田，田里也立着一个稻草人，红袖套，破草帽。以前我走过他身边从来不看一眼。现在每天放学我都看他。我猜他袖子里也塞着旧报纸，像书里稻草人塞着破扇子一样。他不知道有没有蛾子来，但他站着，鸟确实不敢落下来，这就是他的用处。

书里稻草人最后倒了，我们田边这个还站着。我跟他保证过，等我上四年级，写作文也写他。这就是我读《稻草人》最大的收获：田边最不起眼的东西，也可能有一颗最认真的心。

From a Bird Scaring Dummy to a Most Serious Heart

Before I read The Scarecrow, I thought a scarecrow was only an ugly dummy by the field to frighten birds, with no story in him. After reading this book, my idea of him changed completely.

In the pen of Grandpa Ye Shengtao, the scarecrow has a nose and eyes, and a heart softer than anyone. His master is the old woman who farms a small piece of land alone after losing her husband and her son. The rice is her life. The book describes her kneeling in the field to worship the rice, very devoutly. When the moth came to lay eggs, the scarecrow was frantic and waved his fan loudly. He thought the fan could drive the moth away, but the moth did not fear him at all. I read this part twice. He did not even know that he could not scare the moth, and still he waved with all his strength.

The part that hurt me most is that night in the rice field. The eggs hatched into worms and ate the leaves to rags. The next morning the old woman came and saw it, and sank down on the ridge. The scarecrow suffered more than she did. The book says he

wished he could pull himself up by the roots and let the worms eat his straw instead of the rice. A bundle of straw, yet his heart ached for a human being to that degree.

There is another part I like and that also makes my heart ache. The scarecrow dreams that he becomes a human being, runs to the city, and can do anything. Then he wakes up again and says that if he left, nobody would look after the rice in the field. He kept wishing and kept standing, and did not leave for a single night. I think that is harder than really running away.

I read this book in September. Just at the entrance of our village there is a rice field, and a scarecrow stands in it, with red cloth sleeves and an old straw hat. I used to walk past him without one glance. Now I look at him every day after school. I guess his sleeves are stuffed with old newspapers, just like the scarecrow in the book with his broken fan. I do not know whether any moth has come, but he stands there, and the birds really do not dare to land. That is his use.

The scarecrow in the book fell in the end; the one by our field is still standing. I have made a promise to him: when I reach the fourth grade, I will write a composition about him too. This is the greatest thing I gained from reading The Scarecrow. The most unnoticed thing beside a field may carry the most serious heart.